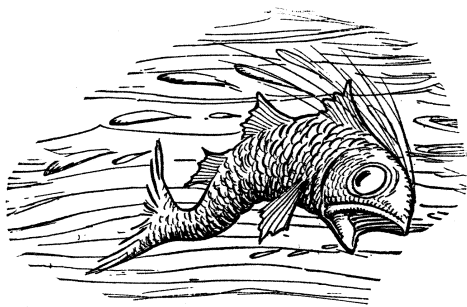


The  
Roosevelt Bears  
go  
FISHING



# The Roosevelt Bears go FISHING

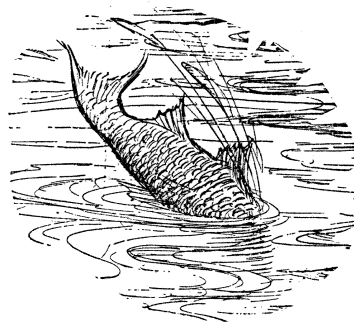


When the Roosevelt Bears had paid  
their fine  
For the mischief done and the monkey  
shine,  
They said good-bye to the big giraffe  
And told him his neck was too long by  
half;

And asked the time it took his food  
To reach his body from where he chewed;  
And why he held his head so high,  
And the size of collars he had to buy;

And why he was neither round nor square;  
But the old giraffe didn't seem to care;  
He wagged his tail and winked his eye  
And nodded his head to say good-bye.

When they quit the Zoo and got outside,  
"Let us take a train for a little ride;  
I'm tired of town and want to see  
A farm or stream," said TEDDY-B.



So a train they took without the fare,  
For where it went they didn't care.  
When "Tickets, please," the conductor said,  
TEDDY-G began to scratch his head  
And to think up names of towns he knew,  
Like Hoboken and Kalamazoo;

But when "Tickets, please," he said again,  
TEDDY-G got busy with a ten  
And said, "Take this for your railway pay  
And stop the train some time to-day  
Where fishing's good if you go that way."  
The conductor asked them questions strange  
About their plans as he gave them change

And slips of paper with holes  
punched through;  
He said a fishing stream he  
knew;

He'd stop the train at any rate  
And show them where to buy  
some bait  
And fishing poles and hook and  
line  
And a jolly inn to sleep and  
dine.

They reached the place that day  
at two,  
And said good-bye to the  
railroad crew,





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"They met a lad on his way from school,  
Whom they stopped to question about a rule."



And went by a path up a mountain ridge  
As the train went on across a bridge.  
They found the place and got fitted out  
With six poles apiece both long and stout,  
And bait enough and lines and hooks  
To fish a year in a dozen brooks.

For said TEDDY-G, "If fishing's play  
Then I want enough, for I mean to stay  
Right by the game for at least a week  
Until every fish that's in the creek  
Is caught and cleaned and cooked and ate  
Or cut up in pieces to use for bait."  
So down their rods and lines they took  
To the stream below to try their luck.



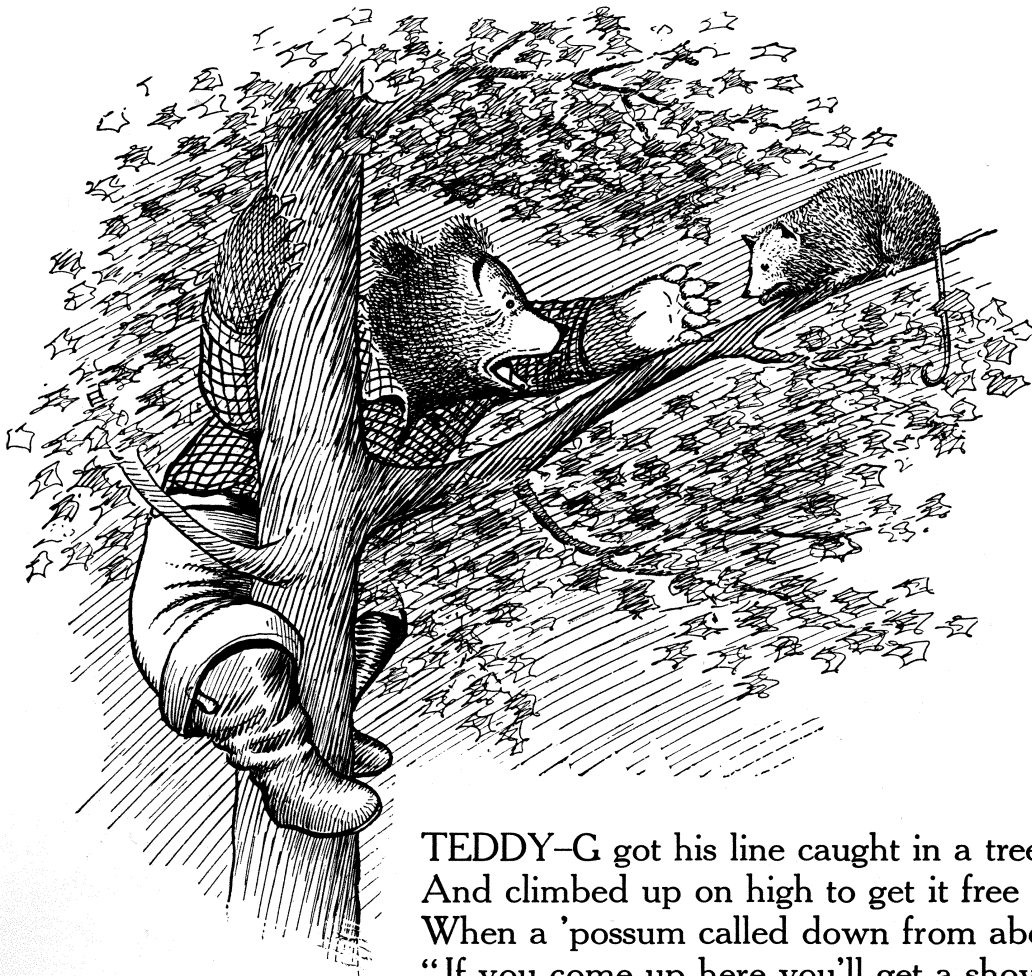
Of all the fishing that  
was ever done  
By Izaak Walton or his  
eldest son,  
Or by boys who fish with pins for hooks,  
That we read about in the picture books,  
Or for salmon trout which weigh a ton  
That they say are caught in Oregon,

Or for shad in the River  
Delaware,  
Or for pike or black bass  
anywhere,  
The fish that day caught by the  
Bears  
Would take first prizes at all the  
fairs;

And the way they caught them  
left and right,  
And the way they coaxed the  
fish to bite,  
And the way they tossed the  
fish in air,  
Landing in trees and everywhere,  
And the way they made the  
chipmunks run,  
The fish, themselves, enjoyed  
the fun.

For one fish spoke, vows  
TEDDY-G,  
A great big pounder, two or  
three,  
And said he wouldn't miss the  
game  
Even if he never lived again.  
"A sport," he said, "like  
TEDDY-G,  
Is the kind that fishes love to  
see."





TEDDY-G got his line caught in a tree  
And climbed up on high to get it free  
When a 'possum called down from above,  
"If you come up here you'll get a shove  
Which will toss you off and break your head  
And put you fifteen weeks in bed."  
But TEDDY-G just shook with glee  
And said, "I'll come right up to see."  
The 'possum scared and trembled so  
He fell off the limb and down below  
Where TEDDY-B broke an ugly fall  
By catching him like a rubber ball.  
They fed that 'possum fishes eight  
And gave him hook and line and bait  
And told him stories about the Zoo  
And the things they let the monkeys do.





They met a man by the stream that day  
Who has fished for a hundred years they say,  
In ocean, river, creek and pond,  
And mountain brook and lake beyond,  
With statesmen bold and actors gay,  
And farmer lads found by the way.



He told them stories of fish he'd caught,  
And when fish were few, of fish he'd bought.  
And then had talked of this big land  
And of men he knew on every hand:  
The true to love and those to hate  
Who fish for gain with stolen bait.

He told them how to have most fun  
When they struck the town of Washington;  
"Because," he said, "though I'm on the shelf,  
I had some fun there once myself."

TEDDY-B said he would like to know  
How near a Roosevelt Bear could go  
To the Capitol or Monument  
Without being shot by the President.

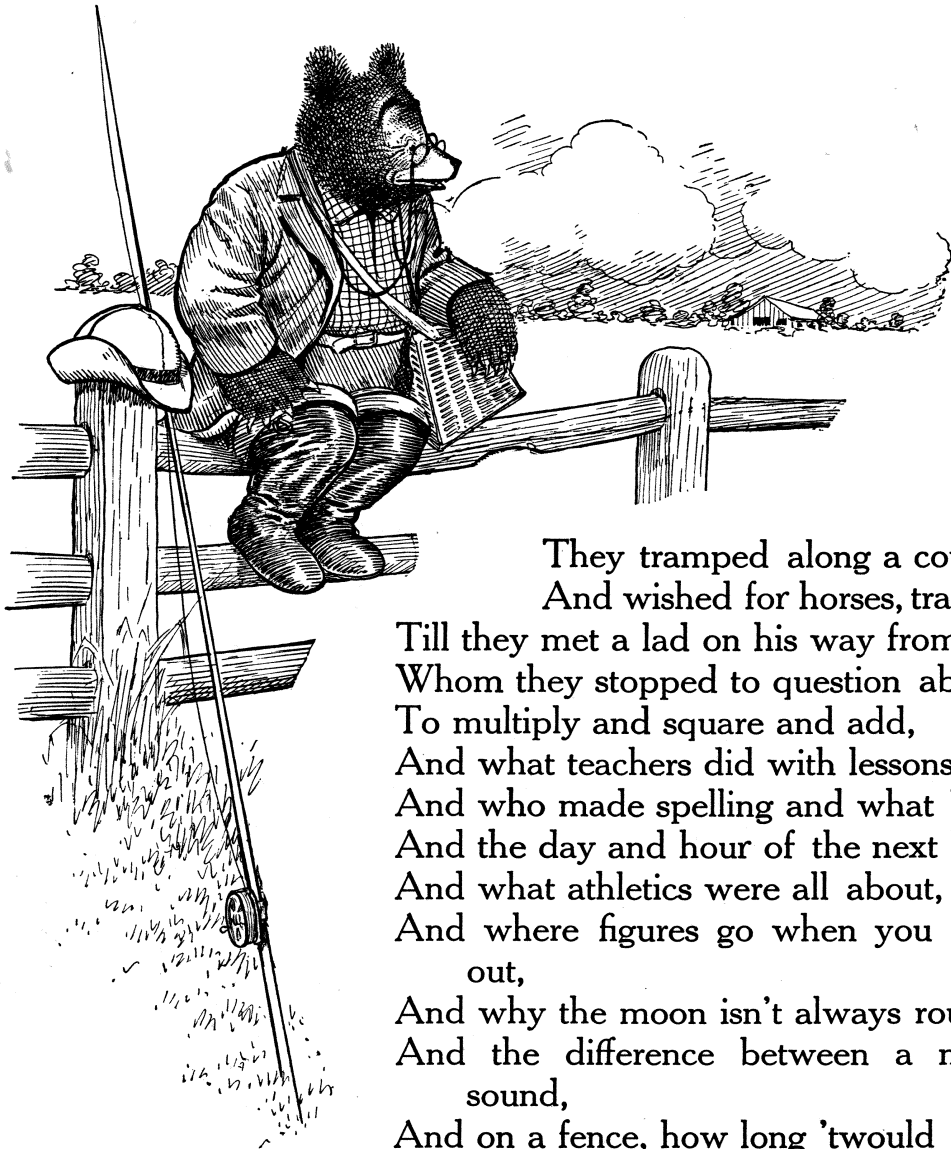
But the man replied, "Trout-  
fishing's fine,  
But shooting bears isn't in my  
line.

Take my advice and take your  
gun  
When you turn your steps  
towards Washington."

They shook his hand both  
long and tight  
And said they'd leave that  
very night.

They could get a train, they  
said, at four  
For Washington and Baltimore.





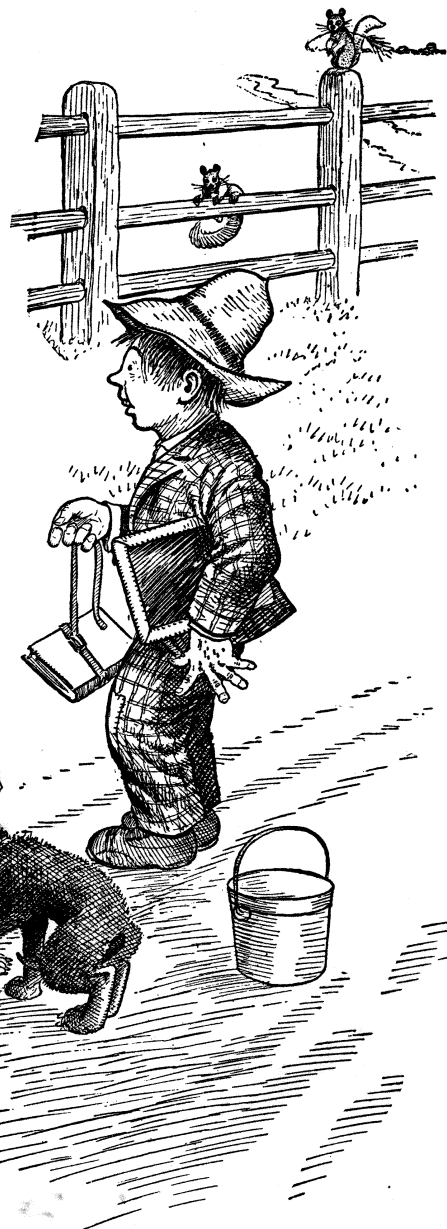
They tramped along a country pike  
And wished for horses, train or bike,  
Till they met a lad on his way from school,  
Whom they stopped to question about a rule  
To multiply and square and add,  
And what teachers did with lessons bad,  
And who made spelling and what 'twas for,  
And the day and hour of the next big war,  
And what athletics were all about,  
And where figures go when you rub them  
out,  
And why the moon isn't always round,  
And the difference between a noise and  
sound,  
And on a fence, how long 'twould take  
To rest an hour or a dinner bake,  
And how things inside the earth were done,  
But the lad couldn't answer a single one.

Said TEDDY-G: "If it doesn't rain,  
And you'll tell us where to get a train  
And the fare to pay and how long the run  
From the place you name to Washington,

And your age and weight and greatest height,  
And two bears you know that never bite,  
I'll give you a dollar, quick as wink,  
And let you have it before you think."

Though he never learned this dollar  
trick  
The lad was bright and he answered  
quick,  
And they said good-bye and it didn't  
rain  
Till they stepped on board their Pullman  
train.

Said TEDDY-G, as he lit his pipe,  
And bought some apples red and ripe,  
And settled down in an easy seat  
With a resting-place for both his feet,  
"I'm tired of clothes; I'm tired of fun;  
When I see the town of Washington  
I'm off again for the woolly West;  
I like the mountains much the best;  
I want to live as free as air;  
I'm satisfied to be a bear."



"But you forget," said TEDDY-B,

"That all these things we came East to see  
Were made by the brains of every clime  
To keep folks working all the time."

"That's all right," said TEDDY-G,

"They can work ahead, but as for me  
I don't believe that bears were made  
To be busy always at a trade."

